

Министерство образования и науки Российской
Федерации

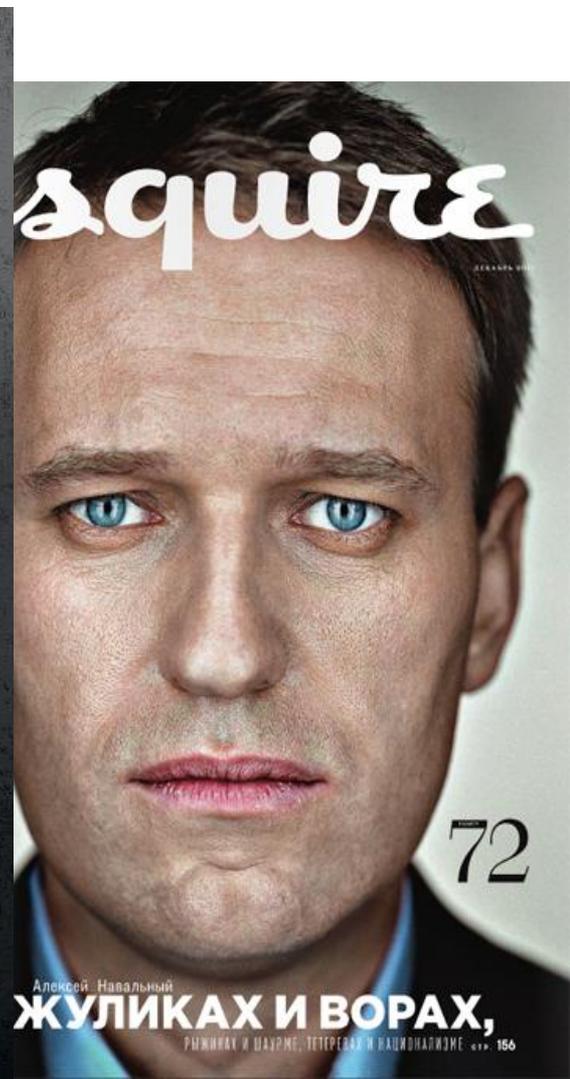
Российский государственный гуманитарный
университет
Факультет управления
Кафедра маркетинга и рекламы

Презентация «**Журнал *Esquire* как СМИ**»
Евдокимовой Анастасии Олеговны

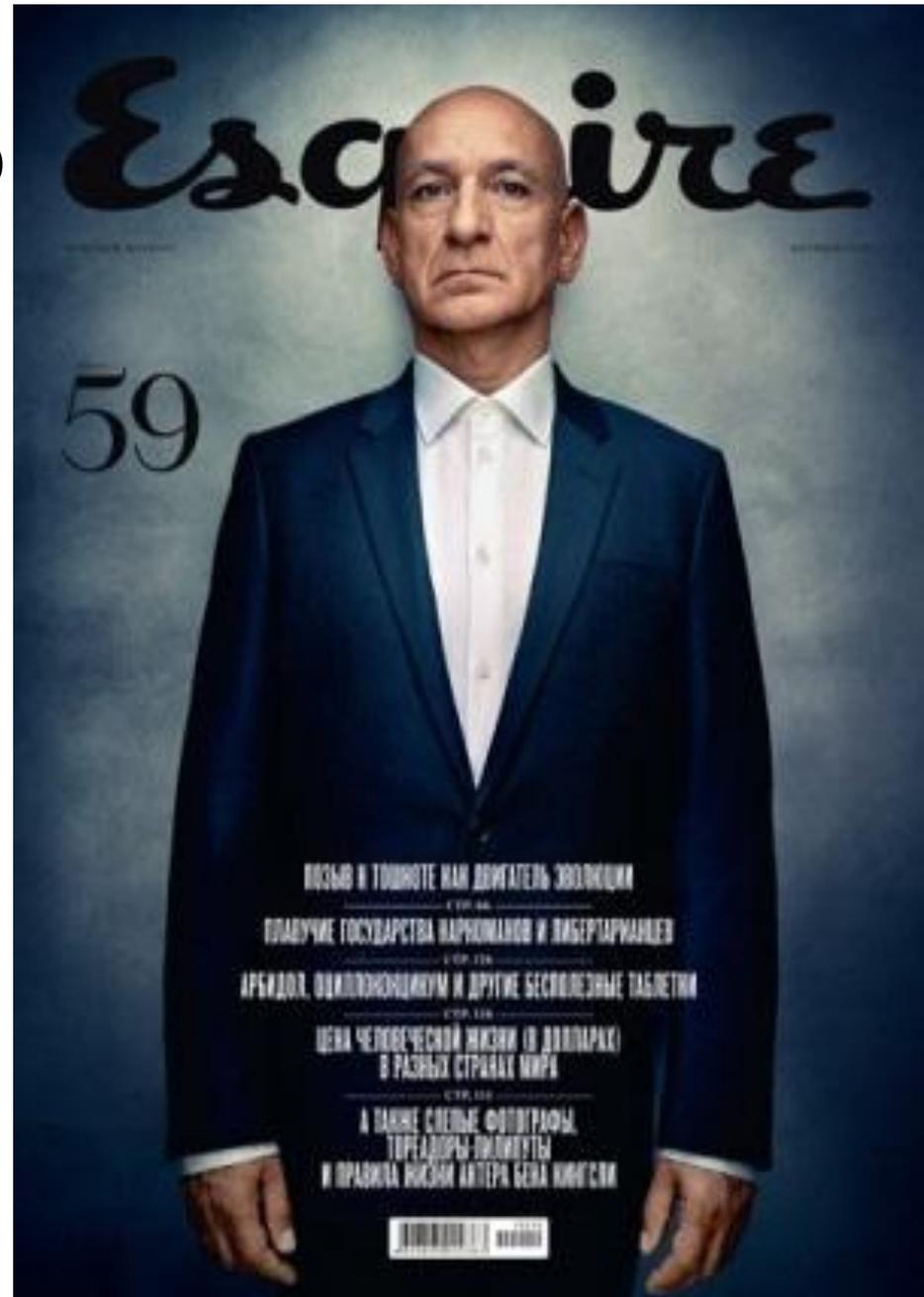
Москва
2018 г

Esquire

Esquire - это мужской ежемесячный журнал,
который в свое время поменял
представление о том, каким может быть
мужской глянец.



История этого журнала началась в ноябре 1932 года в Чикаго, когда Дэвид Сمارт и Арнольд Гингрич запустили журнал для «успешных джентльменов».



Главной выигрышной чертой - его авторы, такие как Хемингуэй, Трoцкий, Сэлинджер, Капоте...



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«Мне хотелось бы верить, что вы читаете Брайана Кинга...»
«...иногда вы читаете Кинга...»
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THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

Here is a story of strange power that you'll never forget, it's about a hideously fat man, the ghastly pictures tattooed on his body, and the woman that he loved—in death. You'll retell it over and over. . . . by RAY BRADBURY

Here the Illustrated Man!

It was a college student, and Mr. William Philipps Phelps stood, arms folded, high on the summer-night platform, a crowd into him. He was an entire civilization. In the Main Country, his chest, the Vastus lived—apple-eyed dragons swirling over his forehead, his almost feline brows. His nose was the mouth of a six-legged creature—an oblique, in-mother mouth, swollen as a witch. And there were secret caves where Darklings lurked, his armpits, armpit with slow subterranean lakes, where the Darklings, eyes palely white, peered out through thick crevices and hanging vines.

Mr. William Philipps Phelps looked down from his front platform with a thousand-pawed eyes. Across the midnight meadow he saw his wife, Lindbergh, far away, sitting under a half, staring at the silver bell handles of passing cars.

Mr. William Philipps Phelps' hands were tattooed ones. At the sight of his wife's interest, the crowd shrieked, as with the passing of sunlight.

A year before, when he had led Lindbergh to the marriage house to watch her work her name in ink, slowly, on the fern, his skin had been pure and white and clean. He glanced down at himself in sudden horror. Now he was like a great painted monster, shakin in the night wind. How had it happened? When had it all begun?

It had started with the apparatus, and then the book, and then the picture. They had fought deep into the summer night, she like a lioness trapped forever blaring at him. And he had gone out to out for dinner, leaving her

dogs, ten million hamburgers, and a forest of green onions, and to drink out of seas of orange juice. Puppermen, slowly formed his brownish bones, the hamburgers slapped his balding head and moustery legs propped in and out of his heart valves awkwardly, until he reached three hundred pounds.

"William Philipps Phelps," Lindbergh said to him in the eleventh month of their marriage, "you're dumb and fat."

That was the day she carried him handed him the blue envelope. "Sorry, Phelps. You're supposed to be with all that get in you."

"Thank I always your best best man, love?"

"Dumb. Not any more. Now you at, you don't get the work out."

"Let me be your Fat Man."

"I got a Fat Man. Done a dozen." The beam eyed him up and down. "Told you what, though. We ain't had a Fatwood Man since Galtery Smith died last year. . . ."

That had been a month ago. Five short weeks. Four seasons, he had learned of a tattoo artist far out in the rolling Wisconsin country, an old woman, they said, who knew her trade. If he took the dirt road and turned right at the river and then left. . . .

He had walked out across a yellow meadow, which was crop from the sun. Red flowers blew and bent in the wind as he walked, and he came to the old shack, which looked as if it had stood in a million miles.

Inside the door was a silent, bare room, and in the center of the bare room sat an ancient woman.

Her eyes were rimmed with red resin-lined. Her nose was sealed with black wax-crete. Her ears were sewn, too, as if a doctor—dumbly had stitched all her senses shut, sat, not moving, in the wooden room. Dressed in a yellow flax all about, indistinguishable many weeks if she had moved it would show, but she had not moved. Her hands were each other like thin, rusted instruments. Her feet were nailed and chained so near to her, and near them sat vials of various red, lightening-blue, brown, one-yellow. She a thing were eight into whippers and almost Only her mouth moved, unsmiling. "Open Sit down. I'm busy here."

He did not obey.

"You came for the picture," she said high voice. "I have a picture to show here."

She tapped a blind finger to her throat. "See?" she asked.

It was a tattoo-artist of William Philipps Phelps.

"See?" he said.

Her cry stopped him at the door. "Don't! He held to the edge of the door, his hands by. "That's me, that's me on your hand!"

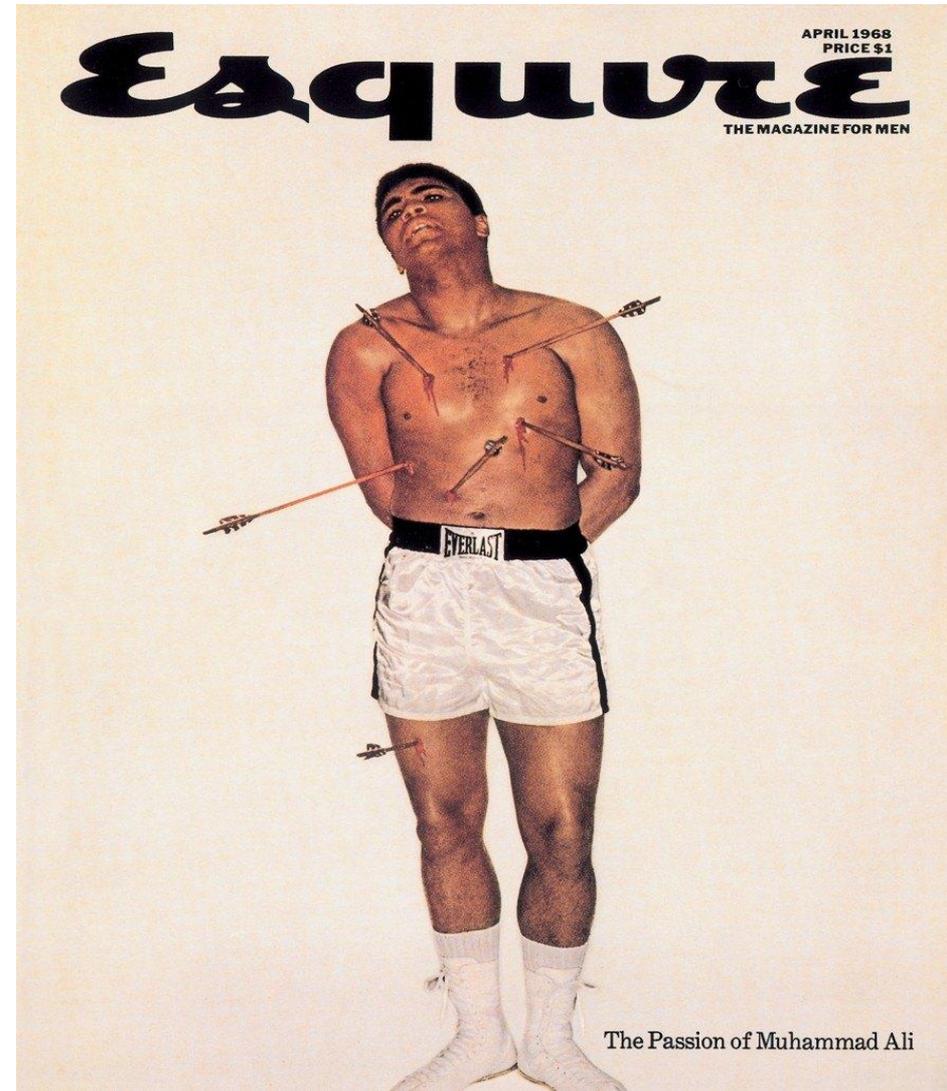
"It's been there fifty years." She stroked like a cat, rose and rose.

He bowed. "It's an old tattoo."

He slowly moved. He edged forward and he blink at it. He put out a trembling finger to break the picture. "Old. That's impossible. You don't know me. I don't know your eye, all moved shut."

"I've been waiting for you," she said, "many people." She displayed her arms and like the apostles of an antique church have pictures on us of. "Continued on page

Многие обложки
журнала вошли в
историю.





Яркие и провокационные публикации в российском журнале



Апрель 2009

Московский милиционер устроил кровавую бойню в супермаркете.

Челябинский милиционер осужден за удар найору ГИБДД между ног.

Пьяный милиционер задушил инвалида.

Милиционеры хотели утопить мужчину, «потому что он пысый».



Май 2009

Милицейский начальник поночился прямо в зале ресторана.



Стрит-арт Покраса Лампаса специально для Esquire



Современные яркие обложки



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- Креативность
- Сюрреалистичность
- Эротизм





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